

Selected Poetry.

My First Ride.

'Twas five-and-twenty years ago
My mother fell asleep,
When I was quite too young to know
That I had come to weep;
And yet I knew her sleep was sound,
And they would put her in the ground.

The house was very still that day,
And father spoke more mild,
And when they mother took away
He sobbed just like a child;
They bore her to a garden fair,
And I rode with my sister there.

I wore my little new, white hat,
Trimmed with a broad erpe band;
And in the carriage as I sat,
I felt quite pleased and grand,
And wondered why my sister cried
When I enjoyed so much the ride.

But when I reached the bright green place,
With flowers bespangled o'er,
And saw my sister's tear-stained face,
I wondered why she more;
And asked her why she looked so sad,
And if 'twas wicked to be glad.

"The birds," I said, "are singing here,
And roses bloom around,
And pure, white marble stones appear
All scattered o'er the ground;
If birds are happy, why should I
In such a place, dear sister, cry?"

"I hear the birds upon the trees,
And smell the flowers," she said;
"But O, my heart is not with these,
My thoughts are with the dead."
And then her grief burst forth anew,
'Till I felt almost too.

They put my mother in a tomb
That looked just like a house,
Which only had one little room,
And that seemed very close;
I told them, when we came away,
I'd rather in the green grass lay.

I knew not then what 'twas to die,
Nor what was sorrow deep;
I thought 'twere pleasant there to lie
And dream in happy sleep;
But after years have taught me well
What we speak in the passing bell.

'Tis five-and-twenty springs ago
Since I was thus bereft;
I wonder oft so sad a blow
No sound impression left;
It seems so strange my sweetest ride
Was when my sainted mother died.

"Why, Bless Her, Let Her Go!"

Some time ago I fell in love
With pretty Mary Jane,
And I did hope that by and by
She'd love me back again.
Alas! my hopes, a dawning dim,
Where all at once made bright;
She saw a chap, I don't know where,
And fell in love with him!

Next time I went—(Now how it was
I don't pretend to say)
But when my chair moved up to her's
Why her's would move away.
Before I always got a kiss,
(I own with some small fuss),
But now, forsooth, for love nor fun,
'Tis non-com-at-a-buss!

Well, there we sat, and when we spoke,
Our conversation dwelt
On every thing beneath the sun,
Except what most we felt.
Enjoying this delightful mood,
Who, then should just step in,
But of all the world whom I
Had rather see than him!

And he could sit down by her side;
And she could—all the while
He pressed her hand within his own—
Upon him sweetly smile;
And she could pluck a rose for him,
So fresh, and bright, and red,
And gave me one, which hours before
Was shrunk, and pale, and dead.

And she could freely, gladly sing,
The song he did request;
The ones I asked, were just the ones
She always did select.
I rose to leave—O she'd be glad
To have me longer stay!
No doubt of it! No doubt they wept
To see me go away.

I sat me down—I thought profound,
This maxim I drew;
"This can't be like a girl,
Than make a girl like you."
But after all, I don't believe
My heart will break with woe;
If she's a mind to love "that chap,"
Why, bless her, let her go!

Wit and Humor.

Cure for the Lazy Fever.

The following ludicrous extract is from an old book on physis, which we were favored with by a friend; it forms the conclusion of a grave physical treatise. The work is from the pen of one Andrew Boode, who lived in the days of Mary and Elizabeth, and is entitled, "The Breviary of Health, by Andrew Boode, Physique Doctore, an Englysmen, anno 1557." Should any of our patients be troubled with the disorder here mentioned, we trust the remedy given by this learned doctore will be found efficacious: "The 151 chapter doth shewe of an evil fever, the which doth combar younge persons, named the fever burden (lazy fever). Among all the fevers, I had almost forgotten the fever burden, with the which manye younge men, younge women, maydens, and other

younge persons, bee sore infected now-a-days. The cause of this infirmity: This fever doth come naturally, or els by evyll and slothful brynging up. If it came by nature, then the fever is incurable; for it can never come out of the fleshe that is bred in the bone; if it come by slothful brynging up, it may be holpen by diligent labour. A remedy: There is nothing for the fever burden so good as unguentum baculinum; that is to say, take a stycke or wan of a yard of length and more, and let it be as great as a mans fynger, and with it annoynt the back and shoulders well, mornynge and evenynge and do this twenty-one dayes, and if this fever wyi not be holpen in that tyme, let them beware of vaggyng on the galles; and whyles they do take theyr medicine, put no lubar-wort into theyr potage."

Live Garfite.

The Yankee at a Modern Hotel.

Some weeks ago, a very long, brown, Down Easter, attired in one of those costumes which are nowhere to be met with except on the stage, a tall bell-crowned white hat, short-waisted blue coat, with enormous pewter buttons, a vest as "yaller" as a barberry blossom, and a pair of corduroys whose highest ambition seemed to be to maintain their ascendancy over a pair of enormous cowhides that had trodden many a hundred miles of logging path, "might have been seen," jack-knife and shingle in hand, winding his way up Long Wharf, in the realization of his life-long anticipations of "seein'" Boston. At the corner of Merchants' Row, his progress was arrested by the lumbering transit of a two-story house, on wheels, drawn by half a dozen yolk of oxen, with the people inside pursuing their usual avocations.

"What on earth is this 'ear?" he asked of a bystander.

"Oh, nothing," replied the "towney," "the folks are only moving, that's all."

"When we move down here, we do it house and all."

"Je-rusalem! Wall, that 'ere beats all natur. Well cap'n, what's that 'ere big stun house over the left?"

"That's the new Custom House. It's a mighty bad location, but they are going to move it next week."

"Thunder and molasses! I'll take all the oxen in creation to start her."

"Oh, they use elephants for such large buildings."

"And how many elephants will it take?"

"Upward of a hundred."

The Yankee cut a deep gash in his shingle and walked on.

He next inquired for the Adams House, for he had "heard tell" of that, and was determined to progress during juvenility, aware of the impossibility of doing so at a more advanced age.

"He soon found the 'tavern' and the 'deacon,' and ordered accommodation, liberally 'darning the expenses.' Having 'slicked up,' a little, he witnessed, with some amazement, the operation of a servant upon the gong, simply remarking, that 'he know'd what sheet listening was, but this was the first time he'd ever heard of sheet thunder.' He followed the crowd into the dining hall, and was ushered to a seat, where he esconced himself, tucking his towel under his chin with a sort of desperation, as if he was going to be shaved or scalped.

The sight of the covered dishes added to his amazement. "Dod darn it!" he exclaimed, "if I ever heard of cookin' on the table! but here they've gone and sot tin 'tichens all over the lott. What's the fire to come from I'd kinder like to know!"

He got along with his soup very well, and was pausing for breath, before he finished it, when a waiter snatched it away and was running off with it.

"Hello, you, sir!" vociferated the Yankee, "I see you. Fetch that 'ere back, quicker'n lightning, or you'll hev yer head punched."

His plate was returned, and he finished his soup with dignity. After waiting a moment he raised his voice again, and summoned the offending waiter sternly.

"Kalkerate to starve me?"

"No, sir."

"Wall—why don't you fetch on some fresh fodder, darn it?"

"There's the carte, sir."

"Where's the cart? And what in the thunder am I to do with the cart when I hev got it? Look out, yer pisky serpent, or yer'll kotch it."

"The bill of fare."

"I don't pay my bill till I've had my fodder."

The waiter humbly explained his meaning.

"What's all these crack jaw names mean? Give me something plain and hearty—biled corn beef—and fetch it about the quickest, while I look over the paper, and see what el-e I'll hev."

The meat was brought him. "Hold on!" was the next order. "What's this 'ere! Ma-a-c-a—read it, won't you, sir!"

"Macaroni, sir."

All right, Cap'n. Hurry it up.

The dish was brought.

"Yer eternal cuss!" roared the down Easter, "if I han't as great a mind to ker-whollop yer, and make an example of yer on the spot. What do yer mean by running yer rags on me jist because I am a stranger in these parts? Take away yer biled pipe stems and fetch us some cabbage. That's right. And now some vinegar."

"Vinegar's in the castor, sir," replied the waiter, and made good his retreat.

"In the castor is it,—hey?" soliloquized the Yankee; and where in the thunder is the castor?"

The gentleman opposite pushed it toward him. He looked at it, and taking up the castor by the bottom, turned it up, but all the cruets manifested a desire to illustrate the law of gravity, and leaped from their locations, and the Yankee was compelled to set it down again.

"Je-rusalem!" he exclaimed. "This 'ere is a curious contrivance, and no mistake. How on 'arth am I to get at that tarnal vinegar? I'll try it once more."

Again he cantered the castor, but this time all the stopples tumbled out.

"Thunderation!" he roared, "here's a pretty mess. Darn it all, here I've got the castor oil in my gravy, and the darned red lead on my cabbage, and the yaller on my tater. Darn the thing, I say."

"My friend," said the gentlemen opposite, with a strong control over his risible muscles, it appears to me that if I were in want of vinegar, I would take the vinegar cruet out of the stand, and by that means should avoid all trouble."

"Here the whole company, waiters and all, burst into a convulsive fit of laughter. The Yankee rose in a rage, upsetting his chair, and glaring defiance on his neighbor.

"How in the name of all tarnal cusses in creation," he yelled, "should I know anything about the way the darned thing worked, when I never seed one on 'em a-fore? You've hatched this up agin me—I know it. What's the Landlord? Fetch your bill on—I'll get out of this. I hain't eat ten cents worth, but I'll pay up like a book, and cuss and quit. And if ever I set out to eat a meal of vittles in Boston town again; ye may take my hide and tan it. Darn your castors and castor ile and you too, one and all!"

And flinging down a dollar on the table, he seized his white bell top from the hands of a trembling waiter and vamous-ed. Down Washington and State Streets he streaked it like a comet, and never slackened his pace till he pulled up on board of the Kenebec.

"Cap'n," said he to the commander, "cast off your line just as quick as you're a mind to—and ef you catch me wanting to see Boston agin, jist take me by the slack and throw me into that 'ere biler, boots and all—by gravy."

Sunday Reading.

Description of our Saviour.

The Boston Journal says that the following epistle was taken by Napoleon from the public record at Rome, when he deprived that city of so many valuable manuscripts. It was written at the time and on the spot where Jesus Christ commenced his ministry, by Publius Lentulus, the Governor of Judea, to the Senate of Rome, Caesar, Emperor. It was the custom in those days for the Governor to write home any event of importance which transpired while he held office:

"Conscrip't Fathers: There appeared in these our days a man named Jesus Christ, who is yet living among us, and of the Gentiles is accepted as a Prophet of great truth; but his own disciples call him the Son of God. He hath raised the dead, cured all manner of diseases. He is a man of stature tall and comely, with a very ruddy countenance, such as the beholder may both love and fear. His hair is the color of the filbert when fully ripe, plain to his ears, whence downward it is more orient of color curling and waving about his shoulders; in the middle of his head is a seam or prition of long hair, after the manner of the Nazarites. His forehead is plain and delicate; his face without spot or wrinkle, beautified with a comely red; his nose and mouth are exactly formed; his beard is of color of his hair, and thick, not of any great height, but forked. In reproving he is terrible; in admonishing, courteous; in speaking very modest and wise; in proportion of body, well shaped. None have seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep. A man for his surpassing beauty, excelling the children of men.

The young Infidel.

The following sad account of a young man, who for a time attended the ministry, of the Rev. Baptist Noel of London, illustrates the fearful consequences of breaking away from the influence of the gospel:

"The young man was the son of pious parents, and for several years was regular in his attendance at the house of God. At length he became acquainted with some young-men of infidel principles. The more he associated with them, the less pleasant he found it to listen to the gospel. Ere long he absented himself wholly from the Sanctuary. He then began to indulge in the pleasures of sin; and went to such lengths in criminal indulgence that he soon laid the foundation of a fatal illness. Three months after he had abandoned the House of God, he was on the verge of the grave. Mr. Noel was then called to visit him. The dying youth refused to converse with the man of God, but covered his head with the bed clothes. After several vain attempts to enter into conversation

with him about that Being before whom he was soon to stand in judgment, Mr. Noel offered a prayer for him, and was about to quit the apartment. Just as his hand was upon the latch, of the door, the young man made an effort to sit up in bed, and asked Mr. Noel to stay a minute. Mr. Noel returned to the bedside. The sufferer's strength was well exhausted. He whispered in the ear of Mr. Noel the appalling words, 'I'm lost.' He sunk down in the bed, drew the clothes over his head, and never spoke again."

Agricultural.

Farming in old Hancock.

Messrs. Editors—I send you some statistics of agricultural interest in Hancock, which you may publish if you wish. Messrs. T. J. and David Dickson, of this county, surpass anything we have noticed in the farming line. Their farms join, and both are cultivated on the same principle. They have kept an account of the labour required to cultivate each one hundred acres in corn, which was fifty days plowing for a horse and plow; after the corn was planted, no hoeing, only two plowings, four furrows in a row, each time, rows eight feet distant. They will make on an average of one hundred acres, twenty bushels per acre; common pine, sandy land, having been cultivated 40 or 50 years, manured with cotton-seed, putting not half a pint in a hill. The pea crop will pay for planting and plowing the land before planting. Allowing a horse and plow to be worth one dollar per day, corn is produced at the expense of two and a half cents per bushel.

If the above statement should be doubted, the corn is there to show for itself. In regard to the labor, sufficient evidence can be had to prove the amount stated to be correct. From their improved mode of culture, they can cultivate sixty acres per horse, including all kinds of land. Mr. Thomas J. Dickson has successfully cultivated one thousand and eighty acres, with eighteen horses, five hundred acres of which was in cotton.

I have no other design in sending this statement than, if possible, to encourage the planting interest. The account is correct, and instead of being exaggerated, it is not fully given in their favor. Their plan of culture is decidedly an improved one; their advantage chiefly consists in the kind of plows used.

Yours, most respectfully, A. E. E., (of Warren County, Ga.) Hancock County, Ga., July 8, 1852.

REMARK.—Will our correspondent be kind enough to describe the plows used by the Messrs. Dickson, and also enter more minutely into the details of their practice.

From the Scientific American.

Milk.

This liquid is secreted in special organs of the female mamma, for the nourishment of the young, and it necessarily contains all the ingredients required for this object. It contains insoluble matter held in mechanical suspension. It is a solution of a small quantity of different salts, with a considerable proportion of sugar of milk, and a nitrogenous substance named *casein* or *casein*. A number of small globules of fat of different sizes are suspended in it, they can only be discerned by the microscope. The salts of milk which amount to about one per cent. of the whole, are the phosphate of lime, phosphate of magnesia, phosphate of iron, chloride of potassium, chloride of sodium and soda. The soda holds the casein in solution. Pure casein is scarcely soluble in water; its combinations with the alkalies, however, are very soluble. The addition of a small quantity of acid separates the soda from the casein, and this makes thickened milk, the cord being no longer in solution with the alkali. Casein is the most abundant substance in the milk.

After the casein is precipitated there is a sugar in the remaining liquid or whey; this is the reason why it has a sweeter taste than even the pure milk. This is the only sugar generated in the process of animal life. It requires three parts of boiling water and twice as much cold water to dissolve it. The sugar of milk is easily converted into lactic acid; it is owing to this quality that the acidity of sour milk is due.

It has been found by experiment that a cow fed upon grass yields a greater quantity of milk than if fed upon any other food. So far as a series of regular experiments afford any data for conclusions, that kind of food which contains the greatest quantity of nitrogen, always yields the greatest quantity of milk, and the best kind of it for it, also contains the greatest quantity of butter, and this is not a little singular, for butter contains no nitrogen. It is not a good plan to feed cows on a uniform diet, for experiments have proven that the yield of milk, by such a system of diet, gradually diminishes; it is therefore a good rule to change the food of milk cows frequently.

The milk obtained from cows in the morning is generally richer than that obtained at evening. It has been found that certain pasture grounds are much better than others for the production of rich milk. We believe that this subject, of good grazing grounds, has not received the attention which it demands. There is certainly as much difference in the grass, herbs, &c., in certain pasture lands, as there is in different kinds of food, as acid is the cause of souring milk, and as the result of it becoming acidulous is a complete separation of the casein from the other parts, it has been suggested that the addition of some alkali, such as soda or salaratus, might render sour milk sweet. The truth is that the addition of an extra quantity of alkali is just about as great an evil as an excess of acid. It is the perfect solution of the fatty parts of milk with the alkali in it, which imparts that fine flavor to it when newly taken from the animal. If some pearlash be dissolved in warm water, and some pure sweet olive oil be poured into it and well stirred, the liquid will become thick, white, and milk

in appearance, and will also possess a flavor much like that of sweet milk.

In some parts of our country there has been very severe droughts this summer, especially in the State of Maine. It is stated that the hay is only half a crop, and that farmers will have to sell a great deal of their stock before the winter sets in. Those of our farmers who have milk cows should use less hay for food than they now do. Cabbage, beans, linsed, barley, potatoes, and hay, should be given to every milk cow during our winter season at the north. These kinds of food can be varied so as to have a change every week. Every farmer should have a steaming apparatus in his barn yard; and plenty of pure air and good drinking water are as necessary as good food for the health of milk cows, and the production of a superior quantity of good milk.

REMEDY FOR RUST IN COTTON.—The Newberry (S. C.) Sentinel says: A friend of ours—a practical planter of large experience—stated in our hearing, on Monday last, that salt sown at the rate of half a bushel per acre, amongst cotton, is a certain remedy against rust. It will not only prevent the rust, but will stay its ravages and restore the diseased plant to its wonted vigor. It is a simple remedy and worth a trial. This is the season for rust, and we give this information that our farmers may try the remedy. If it prove effectual, of which we have not the least doubt, it will be of immense benefit to the planting interests. We would like to receive the result of further trials.

To the Reading Public.

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PROSPECTUS OF

THE COTTON PLANT,

AND

Southern Advertiser.

Published weekly, to advocate Direct Trade, Manufactures, Agriculture, and the development of Southern Resources.

By C. G. BAYLOR, Washington, D. C.

The importance of such a Journal as the above, and substantial interest of the South have been too long neglected. The Cotton Plant is established to promote these interests, keeping entirely aloof from party politics. A complete foreign and domestic correspondence has been arranged. The best talent of the country will contribute to our columns, which will present a medium of general communications, correspondence, and information for the friends of the measures we advocate. The proper steps have been taken in Europe and America to lay the foundation of a direct foreign trade at the South, and to introduce our coarse manufactures into the continental European market. One object of the Cotton Plant will be, as the organ of direct trade, to stimulate the South to carry out this important measure.

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The regular issue of the "COTTON PLANT" will commence in June next. Advertisements are particularly requested to be forwarded early. Business letters addressed to C. G. Baylor, Washington, D. C.

Correspondence from all interested in the cause we advocate is solicited, particularly as to the crop, as we wish to give correct information on a subject which is of so much importance to the Planter, and in representing which he has been so often injured.

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MEDICINES & PERIODICALS.

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The power of the above diseases is not exceeded by any equalled—by any other preparation in the United States, as the most skillful physicians had failed in many cases after skillful physicians had failed.

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READ AND BE CONVINCED.

From the "Boston Bee."

The editor said, Dec. 22d.

Dr. Hoffman's Celebrated German Bitters for the cure of Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Chronic or Nervous Debility, is deservedly one of the most popular medicines of the day. These Bitters have been used by thousands, and a friend of our elbow says he has himself received an electrical and permanent cure of Liver Complaint, from the permanent cure of Liver Complaint, from the use of this remedy. We are convinced that in the use of these Bitters, the patient constantly gains strength and vigor—a fact worthy of great consideration. They are pleasant in taste and smell, and can be used by persons with the most delicate stomachs with safety, under any circumstances. We are surprised from experience, and to the afflicted we advise their use.

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MORE EVIDENCE.

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July 14 23

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